

DELICATESSEN.

She was not highly cultured.
For grammar had no use;
She never heard of Browning,
Nor studied theses abstruse.
She had no ear for music,
Could not a rhyme repeat,
But knew the art of cooking
Good things for us to eat.

She could make an apple custard
With knack of sure success;
With pies of mince and pumpkin
The family would bless.
Her angel-food was manna
To feed the hungry heart;
Her golden-crusted doughnuts
Faid tribute to her art.

The black bat indignation
Never settled on her roof,
And the medicine dispenser
Her presence kept aloof.
She's still on earth and hearty,
But oh, the aching void!
For in a school of cooking
Our former cook's employed.
—Mrs. M. L. Payne, in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE MURDER OF
ARNOLD GRANGE

BY HERBERT ALLINGHAM.

A GOOD many years ago two young men were prospecting for gold in California. They met with incredible luck, and in less than a year had made their pile.

One day they went together on a shooting expedition. The younger of the two, Phil Mason, was accidentally shot by his companion and badly wounded.

For some hours Phil was tenderly nursed by his companion, and then he fell asleep.

When he awoke he was alone. At first he could not believe he had been deserted, but as the hours passed the horrible truth sank into his mind. He had been left to die.

The agony of thirst and the pain of his wounds made him delirious. To relate what he suffered would only provide gruesome reading; and, after all, it is past and done with these 40 years and more. Besides, the subject is to me a particularly distasteful one, for I was Phil Mason, though I am known by quite another name to-day; and the horror of those lonely hours of torment filled my soul with a bitter hate that lasted five and 20 years.

Enough, then, to say that I was rescued by a black fellow, and that a fortnight later I was back among men, able to get about, although only a shadow of my former self.

On making inquiries I found that my chum had cleared out of the country, taking with him our united savings.

Penniless and weak in health, I could not follow him, and when some months later I got a little money together, all trace of him had disappeared.

So the years passed on in this endless quest, interrupted by spells of hard toil. Then one day, after five and 20 years, the knowledge which I had sought so hungrily came to me by accident.

A careless conversation, overheard by mere chance, told me the present name and habitation of the man who had wronged me.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when I presented myself at the door of the handsome house in Hammond square, the residence of Arnold Grange, the eminent banker.

Not for a moment did I anticipate any trouble in obtaining an interview. The man would not dare to send me away.

I was right. In a few moments the old butler returned and conducted me to his master.

I found myself in a large, richly furnished room, lighted only at the farther end by a shaded electric lamp on a big open desk covered with papers.

At the desk stood a man with his head turned towards me, but I could not at first see his face. Quietly I walked across the room to him, and for a moment we confronted each other in silence.

Prosperity had changed him, even as adversity had changed me.

For one thing, he did not look his years. He could have passed for 45, and yet I knew that he must be well over 50.

He wore a well-trimmed beard and mustache and his skin was white. When I had known him he was clean shaven and deeply bronzed.

"You do not recognize me, Tom Warner," I said at length, addressing him by his old name.

He kept a bold front, but I thought I detected a lurking fear in his eyes. "It is long since we met," he said in low tones.

"Long, indeed!" I replied, with a bitter laugh. "It is 25 years since you left me, a wounded lad, to die of thirst in the mountains. Twenty-five years since you robbed me of the gold I had worked and sweated for!"

He flinched nervously, but offered no defense, no excuse.

"But I have hunted you down at last, Tom Warner—or Mr. Arnold Grange, if you prefer that. I have hunted you down, and by heaven you shan't escape me now!"

"I see—a case of blackmail!" he said coolly.

I took a step towards him, and I think the look in my eyes frightened him.

"There, there!" he said hastily. "We need not quarrel. The past is dead. Let's forget it. Come and see me to-morrow and we will go into figures. Meanwhile here is something to go on with!"

I took the bills and recounted them. "Thank you," I said, as I placed them in my pocket. "I will call upon you to-morrow; but understand this, I shall not be satisfied with a cent less than half of your fortune. If you try to rob me of a single dollar, by heaven the whole world shall know your story!"

"You can trust me," he replied coolly. "I know when I am beaten. Can you find your own way out?"

Something in his voice aroused my suspicions, and I turned on him fiercely.

"What is your game?" I said furiously. "What vile plan are you concocting in that devilish brain of yours?"

"My dear fellow—" he began. But I cut him short.

"Call your butler," I said sternly, "and tell him in my presence that I am your friend and that I am always to be admitted to your presence."

"What is the use of that? I could easily play you false; but I assure—" "Never mind; do what I tell you!" I commanded, his reluctance making me more determined.

He laughed, but I could see that he was nervous and distraught.

"Very well," he said; but I will do even better than that. I will call my secretary, and you shall tell him whatever you please."

He walked round the desk to a balze covered swing door, which apparently opened into another room.

"Mr. Courtney. One moment, if you please!" he said, pushing the door open.

There was no answer, and, with an ejaculation of impatience the banker stepped into the inner room and the door swung to behind him.

He did not immediately reappear as I had expected.

"Well, I will wait," I said grimly. And so I walked up and down the long room for nearly ten minutes.

Then, losing patience, I pushed open the green door and found myself in a little anteroom.

It was empty.

There was no other door, and the window, which, as in the room I had left, overlooked the square, was shut and fastened with a patent lock.

Angry and bewildered, I returned whence I had come and glanced searchingly round the large, dimly lit apartment. The ticking of a clock on the mantel-piece and the footfall of a passerby on the pavement outside were the only sounds.

Unquestionably I was in the room alone.

I went to the desk and pressed the button of an electric bell. I was in no mood to be trifled with, and I determined to get to the bottom of the mystery without delay.

Almost immediately a gentlemanly young fellow made his appearance.

"You rang, sir," he began. And then, catching sight of me, he paused, and stared with open mouth.

"Kindly tell Mr. Grange I am still waiting, and must see him at once," I said.

"But Mr. Grange should be here!" said the young man in astonishment.

"Well, you see he is not," I retorted irritably. "Ten minutes ago he disappeared through that door and I haven't seen him since."

"But that is impossible!" persisted the young man. "There is no other door in that room!"

"Well, he is not here, is he? Perhaps you will be kind enough to find out where he is. Stay," I added, as an afterthought. "Perhaps I shall not trouble him any more to-night; but kindly tell him that I will call to-morrow morning at ten o'clock precisely, when I shall expect to see him."

After all, I had the \$500, and the man was really in my power. Perhaps his nerves had given way. I would give him a dozen hours respite.

I went to pass out of the room, but the young fellow stood in my path, and courteously but firmly objected.

"You will excuse me sir, but I do not know you, and I do not understand why you are alone in Mr. Grange's room."

"But, my good man, have I not told you that Mr. Grange left me ten minutes ago?"

For reply the other turned to the door and called for assistance. In a few seconds a couple of footmen made their appearance.

"What's up, Mr. Courtney?" demanded one.

"Probably it is all right," said the secretary quietly. "Has anyone seen Mr. Grange?"

No one had. He came to this room after dinner, as was his custom, and had not been seen to leave it since. The old butler stated that he had seen his master here at ten o'clock when he had announced me. It was now nearly 11.

"Search the room!" said Mr. Courtney, keeping a wary eye upon me.

The butler, the two footmen, and the valet, who had now appeared, began the search with grave alarmed faces.

I found myself watching the butler fussing about and looking in some vases, drawers and other impossible places. Suddenly he peered behind the screen near the desk, and then started back with a cry of horror.

A general rush was made to the spot, the screen was thrust aside, and there, lying full length on the carpet, was the body of a man.

The secretary sprang to the door and closed it, and then gave his orders in quick, level tones.

"Robbins, tell Dr. Wright to come at once, and then go for the police. Parsons, White, secure this man, and take care that he does not get away!"

The next moment I found myself seized and held by two sturdy footmen.

Mr. Courtney switched on some more light, and then, kneeling by the body, gently raised the unfortunate man's head.

As I caught sight of the face I recognized it at once. Twenty-five years had altered it, indeed, but it was the face of my old, treacherous chum of the California gold fields.

Who, then, was that other who had so mysteriously disappeared?

What followed is newspaper history.

At the inquest it was proved that Arnold Grange died from a blow from some instrument on the back of the head.

In due course I was committed for trial. The police built up a terrific case against me. Indeed, the evidence they were able to obtain was enough to convince almost any one. The bank notes found upon me were proved to be part of a larger sum known to have been in the possession of the banker on the day of his death. Furthermore, it was known—and I admitted the fact—that I had a grievance,

real or imaginary, against Mr. Grange.

My own story was incredible to the point of absurdity, and my counsel strongly advised me to rely solely on the plea of insanity—insanity induced by the intolerable wrong I had suffered at the hands of the dead man.

In the end I was found guilty, with a recommendation to mercy.

I was sentenced to death, and the governor, in spite of the rider to the jury's verdict, refused to see any reason why the sentence should not be carried out. I cannot honestly say that those days of waiting for death by the hangman's rope which followed my sentence were the most wretched of my life. During the 25 years when I had worked for revenge and my soul filled with hate, I had many worse times.

Now I knew my enemy was dead and somehow the reason for my own continued existence seemed to have passed away also.

If I did not welcome the awful end awaiting me, at any rate I did not dread it.

However, fate—which has played such queer tricks with me in my time—seemed reluctant to lose such an amusing toy, and so, at almost the last moment, intervened and saved me, doubtless for further experiments.

I was to die on Friday. On the previous Monday, at about two in the afternoon, I was taken to the room of the warden. That gentleman informed me that I was reprieved for one week, and at the same time warned me to build no false hopes on this temporary respite.

What had happened was this:

On the night of the murder Arnold Grange was believed to have in his possession banknotes to the amount of \$1,500. Of these only the \$500 found upon me had been accounted for. It was supposed that the banker had sent off the remainder in payment of some private debt, unknown even to his secretary.

Now, however, a man had been caught trying to pass one of the missing notes. He proved to be a man well known to the police—Sol Prior, a daring swindler of the flash type.

He could give no satisfactory explanation of how he came into possession of the notes, and he was detained by the police.

One day I was taken into the prison yard, where a score of men were ranged up in a line. I was asked if I knew any of them.

I had no difficulty in picking out my man. His mustache and beard were less carefully trimmed, and his face was even whiter than when he had faced me in the banker's room, but I should have known him among a thousand.

From that moment events moved quickly, and a fortnight later I received a pardon.

The wretched man Prior stood his trial and was duly hanged, but before the end he left a callous confession. It was a brief document and may be given here.

"On July 14 I was down on my luck, a promising piece of business having gone wrong. I was walking across Hammond square when I noticed a window of one of the houses wide open. A light was burning inside, but the room seemed to be empty. No one was about, so I climbed on to the stone coping and got into the room. I pulled down the blind. As I did so a man appeared from behind the screen and confronted me. I pretended to be drunk, but he was too shrewd. He said nothing, but caught me by the throat and stretched out his left hand to ring the electric bell on his desk. I forced him away from it and then struck him as hard as I could on the point of the jaw. He staggered back and fell and his head struck on the marble curb in front of the fireplace. I thought he was only stunned, but as I knelt down by him he just gave one groan and expired. I dragged the body behind the screen and made for the window, but just then the door opened and some one said that a Mr. Phil Mason desired to see me. The servant, an old man, did not recognize me as I stood back in the shadow. To get rid of him I said 'show him in.' As luck would have it my voice did not betray me to the old man and he went out. I went to the window again, but a policeman was standing just outside talking to a servant girl. Not knowing what to do I turned back to the room and at the same moment that maniac, Phil Mason, came in. Again luck helped me. He took me for the banker at once. I saw my only chance was to bluff it. I tried all I could to get rid of the fellow, but he would not go. At last, on the pretext of fetching my secretary, I got away and went into the anteroom, but the window was locked. I came back and found Mason walking up and down the room. While his back was turned I managed to get to the window without being seen. I hid behind the curtain and he came within a yard of me. Then, when his back was again turned I slipped out of the window. The policeman was gone and I got away without being seen. It is true I killed Arnold Grange, but I swear it was an accident."

The medical evidence declared that Arnold Grange could not have met his death in the manner described in the above confession.

For my own part, having good reason to look with suspicion on circumstantial evidence, I should have given the poor wretch the benefit of the doubt, and I still think that the ends of justice would have been served by a verdict of manslaughter.

One other curious fact may be mentioned. When Arnold Grange's life was examined it was found that he had left exactly half his fortune to "Philip Mason—if such person can be found."

Particulars were then given of my whereabouts at different periods of my life, extending over 25 years, showing that the banker had practically kept his eye upon me from the moment he left me to die in the bush to the moment I knocked at his door in Hammond square.

Why he never helped me, why he never sought to repay the wrong he had done me, I cannot even guess. I sometimes think that had we indeed met on that July night he would have asked my forgiveness, and I should have granted it; and that, after a straight talk between man and man, we might even have renewed the friendship of our youth.—Chicago Tribune.

The PRIMROSE PATH

NAN PATTERSON HAS FOLLOWED IT TO THE PRISON BARS.

Whether Innocent or Guilty of Murder She Is Paying the Penalty of a Life of So-Called Pleasure.

Attracted by the Glare of the Footlights She Forsakes Family and Friends for the Tinsel of the Stage—A Moral in Her Tragedy.



NAN PATTERSON

New York—"From the Glare of the Footlights to the Gloom of a Cell in the 'Tomb,'" would be a fitting title to a story of the life of Nan Patterson, the former show girl, charged with the murder of Caesar Young, the well-known horseman and bookmaker.

Only a short step and a few brief moments from the stage with the plaudits of hundreds still ringing in her ears as she gaily danced in the famous "Floradora" sextette in the glare of the calcium, to the dismal depths of the prison, to be branded as a murderer by thousands and to hear the bitter and cutting words of the stern prosecutor as he laid bare the secrets of her past life.

Such, in brief, has been the experience of Nan Patterson, and it has turned her from a beautiful and care-free girl to a prematurely aged woman.

There are those who declare her innocent of the crime charged to her; say she is only an unfortunate victim of cir-

She was an uncommonly beautiful child, and the praise called forth by her good looks as she grew older, turned her thoughts in directions wholly opposed to that intended for her by her parents, and before she was many years in her teens she went to New York and obtained a place in the chorus.

Stage life caused her to forget the religious training she had received. The glitter of the spangles and the gay life of the actor folk appealed to her, and she decided to become a great actress.

Surely there was nothing harmful behind the footlights, she thought. Fine clothes and a "good time" were to her liking.

She was handsome in face and form, and it was not long before young scions of wealthy families and elderly men of means who haunt the "bald head" row began to haunt the stage door and make her acquaintance.

The flowers and champagne suppers they furnished were also not amiss. Jewels and gems were showered on her and more than one, smitten with her beauty, laid their hearts at her feet and begged her hand in marriage.

But she refused them all, and finally married a young man in the profession named Martin.

Her Meeting with Young.

The confining bonds of matrimony were evidently not to her liking, and when "Floradora," a musical comedy which had gained great popularity in London mainly through the famous sextette, was imported, she applied for and obtained a position in the front row.

The company was organized to tour the country, and was to extend to the Pacific coast. This gave her an opportunity to visit California, something she had always longed for.

It was on this trip that she met Young, whose tragic death has caused her so much misery and sorrow.

Young was a prominent and successful horseman and bookmaker. He had horses running on nearly all of the prominent tracks of the country, and was reputed to be worth half a million dollars.

Although a married man, he immediately fell a victim to the charms of the beautiful and vivacious show girl. On their arrival in San Francisco he installed her in a handsome flat in Oakland, across the bay, and for some months led a dual existence. Anything she wished for was at her command.

During the trial it was shown that during their acquaintance he had given her thousands of dollars.

Leaves Stage for Young.

While on the coast she sued for a divorce from her husband at his suggestion, and also deserted the stage.

With all his faults, Young maintained an outward show of respectability, living in a pretentious home in an exclusive section of San Francisco. He had a certain respect for his wife, and when she discovered the double existence he had been leading, he was driven almost crazy by the exposure. With the recklessness of a man insane, he entered upon a long debauch, and lost a fortune on the block before he recovered himself.

According to his racing partner, he repeatedly tried to sever his unholy relations with the chorus girl, but his infatu-



stances who is reaping the reward of a life generally and generously known as "fast."

Whether she is guilty or innocent of the murder of Young will probably never be positively known to any but her and her Maker. She has been brought before the earthly bar of Justice, where crafty and skillful lawyers have tried to fasten the crime on her while others have tried to free her, and the 12 men have been unable to agree.

Adopts Life of Stage.

Nan Randolph Patterson was quite well known along Broadway among the theatrical people for several years before she so suddenly took the center of the stage. Among the profession though it was simply Nan Randolph.

She was born in Washington, D. C., the daughter of a minister, and was raised amid the religious surroundings of a Christian home.

Always of a wild and wilful disposition, the simple life did not appeal to her.

Origin of a Phrase.

What is the derivation of the phrase "Mad as a hatter?" One explanation is that it was originally French. "As mad as an oyster" (huitre), that bivalve being supposed to be extremely unintelligent. Another theory is that the phrase had reference to Collins, the English poet, author of the "Ode to the Passions." He was a hatter at Chichester, and it had been said that the lunatics with whom he was confined at one time called him "the hatter" and that the phrase originated thus.

Some Information.

Visitor—Boys will be boys. Boston Youth—Pardon, madam, the Darwinian theory teaches that a protoplasmic cell may evolve into a boy, but a boy must, of necessity, evolve into something else.—Puck.

Talking Shop.

First Telephone Girl—What did Belle say when you told her your engagement was broken?
Second Telephone Girl—Oh, she said it only meant another ring off.—Royal Magazine.

ation was too strong or his will power too weak, for he never succeeded, and she was his friend and companion to the day of his death.

Young began his career on the Pacific coast as a foot racer, and was said to have been one of the fastest runners that the world has ever known. From the slender path he drifted to the race track, and his luck from the beginning was phenomenal.

Her Fatal Beauty.

Nan Patterson's beauty has been the cause of other troubles in which lives have been forfeited. An actor in another who had proposed to her became insane over her refusal and committed suicide in her presence. Another admirer of hers killed himself on the coast.

Nan Patterson remained in the west with Young until last spring. They visited the tracks at Los Angeles, Oakland and other prominent racing centers on the coast, and returned east in March for the first time since their meeting.

Young returned to the coast the following month, and it was but a few days before she was speeding westward in response to a telegram from him.

All this was brought out in the testimony at the celebrated trial. Seldom were they separated by a very great distance, and then only when it was unavoidable.

During all this time he tried to hide his relations with the Patterson girl from his wife. His friends and relatives pleaded with him to give up the show girl, and finally induced him to agree to take a trip to Europe, where they hoped she could or would not follow, and where he might forget her.

The Fatal Shooting.

It was on the morning that he was about to leave, on Saturday, June 4, that the tragedy occurred. He had seen her the evening previous, told her of his proposed trip and, according to her story, had asked her to follow and meet him in London. She had given him an indefinite answer, but had agreed to meet him the next morning and see him off.

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